

Follow the  
Crowd to

# **BEASLEY'S**

Right on your  
way to College



Our Drinks are the purest; our  
Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos  
are always fresh.



A full line of the Latest Magazines al-  
ways on hand. Agents for Eastman Kodaks  
and Supplies, and Wiley's Candies.

Phone 19

Store on the Corner

Fruits ❧ Candies ❧ Tobacco ❧ Cigars

# S. L. Toomer

**DRUGGIST**We carry a complete line ofDrugs and Drug SundriesTry our Soda onceand you will be a customer

## The Auburn Cafe

Everything Good to Eat

This space for  
**BARBER SHOP NEXT TO BANK**

## Get the Best

Where **QUALITY** Counts  
**WE WIN**

Our French Dry Cleaning is Second to None  
 All Work Strictly GUARANTEED

**COLLEGE CITY PRESSING CLUB**  
 (In Bank Building)



A. Z. WRIGHT

J. T. HUDSON

C. O. WRIGHT

# Wright, Hudson & Wright

 **STATIONERY** 

Gents' Furnishings, Combs and Brushes and Supplies of all kinds for Students

Agents for Uniforms

# Wright, Hudson & Wright

AUBURN, ALABAMA

Books

Stationery

## PHOTOGRAPHS

CALL ON

**ABBOTT**  
FOR PHOTOGRAPHS

Office Over Post Office

A FIRST-CLASS, UP-TO-DATE STUDIO

EQUIPPED FOR HIGH-CLASS WORK

Abbott has been doing College work for the past thirteen years which is sufficient guarantee of the work he turns out.

OPEN EVERY FRIDAY

From 9:17 to 2:53

When you get your new uniform, call and see him.

## R. M. GREENE

OPELIKA

Is the place to get your wearing apparel. He carries the best lines. What an Auburn man expects. Here you find Knox Hats, Manhattan Shirts, Clapp Shoes, Hart, Schaffner and Marx Clothes. Call to see me.

## R. M. Greene, Jr.

Cor. 9th St. and R. R. Ave.

**Hollingsworth, Schuessler & Norman**

OPELIKA HEADQUARTERS FOR

**AUBURN STUDENTS**

It will be a pleasure to show you  
our lines of Kuppenheimer and  
Hamburger Clothing, Hanau and  
Walk-Over Shoes, Young's Hats.

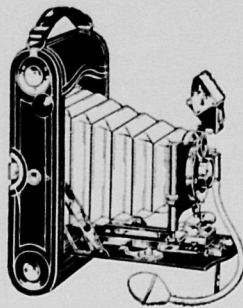
This space reserved for

**J. E. Pitts**

College Novelties

**Dr. Clary L. Boyd****DENTIST**

Office Over Crow's

**TRESSLAR'S STUDIO**H. P. TRESSLAR, Proprietor  
**PHOTOGRAPHERS****Kodak  
Supplies**We finish your Snaps. Col-  
lege Posters and Pennants.

4 Dexter Avenue

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

When in Montgomery Don't Fail to Stop at

**WATFORD'S****5 CENT CHECK ROOM**

Mabson Hotel Building


Just 'Round the Corner

LOOK FOR THE BIG SIGN.

This space reserved for

**D. W. Sanders**

DAIRYMAN

Buy Your **Fruits, Shoes, Shirts,  
Underwear, Etc.**

From

**W. P. ZUBER**



# ORANGE & BLUE

*Alabama Polytechnic Institute*

VOL. XVIII

AUBURN, ALA., JANUARY, 1912

No. 3

Published by a Board of Editors from the Junior and Senior Classes of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

Entered at the Post Office at Auburn, Ala., as second-class mail matter, in accordance with Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES \$1.00 PER YEAR

All matter intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

## BOARD OF EDITORS

S. R. CRUSE	Editor-in-Chief
C. C. THACH, JR.	Assistant Editor-in-Chief
R. M. LILLY	Business Manager
T. G. BURKE	Assistant Business Manager
R. H. SPENCER	Advertising Manager
D. S. BOYD	Assistant Advertising Manager
C. W. SHELVERTON	Art Editor
C. W. CRUMLEY	Alumni Editor
A. P. ALDRICH	Exchange Editor
E. A. MAJOR	Athletic Editor
W. ANDERSON	Engineering Editor
W. B. NICKERSON	Literary Editor
F. L. JENKINS	Agricultural Editor
J. P. MAJOR	Veterinary Editor
P. B. WILLIAMS	Photographer

## Editorial

All hail W. R. Tichenor! Auburn called him in her hour of need and he did not fail to respond. He had business interests, but he left them; he had other things to look after, but he cast them to the

winds. He made sacrifices of all sorts to answer his Alma Mater's cry of distress; and when he came the service he rendered was invaluable. We, the students, cannot realize what a debt we owe him.

He found a team, crippled and battered, four of the best men out of the game, several others badly bunged up, the spirit low, the support and encouragement of the student body woefully lacking, and worst of all, the coach in bed in the grip of fever. Not a very promising outlook. But he took firm hold at once, spent his afternoons on the football field patiently working with the squad, his evenings in visiting and attending to, the injured and for aught we know, his nights and mornings in devising new offensive and defensive plays. And by the dint of hard, persistent work, and by imparting to the players some of his own invincible spirit, he finally evolved a machine that, weakened though it was, fought Georgia to a scoreless tie.

This affords an example of spirit that Auburn men ought to take to heart. It is a manifestation of that never-say-die Auburn bulldog grit that has made the Orange and Blue victorious in many a hard-fought fray. And we should be proud to claim among the ranks of our alumni, a man with the spirit Tichenor has shown.

We owe much to "Bill" Streit, "Doc" Dorsey and others who came back when they heard of Auburn's plight to place their services at her disposal. But the greatest debt we owe is to the peerless quarter-back and alumnus—W. R. Tichenor.

We have received a number of complaints, especially from the alumni who subscribe for the Orange and Blue, about the irregularity with which the paper is coming out. We realize that this complaint is just and we are sorry to say that there has been cause for it to have made at all. Yet we do not think we have been entirely to blame. The financial end of a college paper is always difficult



to handle and it seems to be especially so this year. Of course, we are entirely dependent upon that. Then too, if the Board of Editors had nothing to do but to get out this paper it would be a difficult thing. But each and every one of them is carrying a full course and many of them are doing a great deal of extra work besides the Orange and Blue work. So that the amount of time some of them have to devote to this paper is necessarily small. Therefore we would beg our subscribers to be patient with us; because to attempt to get out a col-

lege journal and receive no recompense except knocks and adverse criticism, is to say the least, a discouraging task.

We are glad to note the interest taken in the Orange and Blue by many under classmen. We have received quite a number of contributions, some of which we can use, others we can't. But whether or not your contribution is published, it is appreciated. So let every one that can, contribute something for publication.

# The Adventures of Skylark Jones

By

A. P. ALDRICH JR.

## The Great Somnambulism Mystery.

We had just seated ourselves to partake of the steaming coffee and hot rolls that our landlady had brought up for our breakfast, when Jones, giving an exclamation of surprise handed me the morning paper and pointing to the paragraph which had elicited that expression of surprise from a person so unaccustomed to show any. I glanced at the indicated article which announced in scarehead letters the alarming fact that the house of the well known banker, Mr. Cashin Pyles had been mysteriously entered the night before, and the sum of five thousand dollars removed from Mr. Pyles' own room. The paper went on to say: "this is one of the most peculiar cases that has come to the attention of the police of New York in many years. The thief is evidently a most expert operator, for he left absolutely no trace of an entrance effected or of his manner of leaving the house. The police are on the scene of the robbery and we sincerely hope that the mystery may soon be cleared up. When thieves become so bold as to enter the homes of our wealthy citizens in the face of burglar alarms and the protection of the police, it is quite time that the authorities began to look about them and discover the cause of this weakness in the police force." "Quite an interesting little news notice," said Jones as I laid the paper down and applied myself to a roll. "Very," I replied, "but the detectives

should clearly be able to clear up an ordinary robbery case without having to consult you in the affair, so I suppose that this is the last we shall hear of the matter."

"Your opinion of the New York police is usually flattering," said Jones, "and you would give them infinitely more credit for brains than they deserve, my dear Botchson. However I shall say nothing further about the matter until dinner, by which time we shall have seen whether my services are necessary or not. I predict however a visit from the wealthy banker before eleven o'clock." Having delivered himself of these few remarks, Jones relapsed into silence and I continued the perusal of the newspaper. Having gleaned all that I could from "The Morning Scrap Pile," I sent for a copy of one of the extras issued by the "Daily Squawk" and followed up their account of the night's transaction. The Squawk contained the results of interviews with Mr. Pyles and other members of the Banker's Association. Mr. Bagser Boodle, the President of the American Bankers' Protective Association, said that every effort on the part of the Association's detectives should be made to bring the mystery to a solution. Mr. Boodle Justin Heeps extended to Mr. Pyles the assistance of the New York Stock Exchange, and Mr. Slathers O'Coyné, one of New York's Hibernian millionaires had said that it was a dirty shame that the people of the city could not get a peaceful night's sleep



without being disturbed by burglars and sneak thieves. On the whole, all the best people of New York seemed very much stirred up over this unique occurrence, and public feeling ran high against the malefactor, whoever he might be.

Having looked over all the newspaper accounts and comments of the burglary, I laid these sheets aside and looked at my watch. It was ten-thirty, and unless Jones was mistaken our worthy millionaire should soon be here. Probably twenty minutes had passed when a large automobile drew up alongside the curb in front of our windows, and a portly individual whose general appearance was that of extreme prosperity, got out and proceeded to climb the stairs to our apartment. A moment later there was a knock on the door, and Jones rose to let our visitor in. This gentleman, as soon as he was fairly inside the room, looked first at Jones, then at myself and seemed uncertain as to which he should address, when Jones put him at his ease by remarking: "Pray be seated Mr. Pyles, I am Skylark Jones and this is my friend and colleague, Dr. Botchson." The millionaire took a seat and said nervously: "I suppose you have heard, Mr. Jones, of the unusual occurrence at my home last night, and the utter loss at which the police are as to the identity of the thief." Jones heard him through and nodded encouragingly, "Your case, Mr. Pyles is at present in the hands of the Police of New York, and I being an unprofessional man hesitate to disturb their researches until they invite my assistance." Mr. Pyles lost no time in assuring Jones that he could immediately go to work on the case without the knowledge of the police, or in the event of their interference that he should inform them that he was personally retained by him and that no obstacle should be opposed to his work. "I have," said Mr. Pyles, "little confidence in the city police, and if left to themselves they would doubtless know just as much at the end of all their researches as they do now." "Well," replied Jones, "since you promise me freedom from the molestations of these idiotic officers of the law, I shall be glad to take charge of this affair and hope to bring it rapidly to a close. You may now relate the circumstances attending on the robbery. Omit nothing, for what may seem to you of no importance, may indeed be of the greatest moment."

Mr. Pyles, encouraged by Jones' readiness to undertake the case, proceeded at once to the relation

of the events which were so disquieting his peace of mind. "When I left the bank," said he, "I took with me five, thousand dollar bills which I intended to give my daughter for a Christmas present. Last night before I retired, I took these bills from my pocket and placed them on the center table in a small paper-box. The next morning, that is, this morning, they were gone, and as you know, there is no clue as to how they were removed. The loss of the money in itself, a trifling matter; the thing which causes me the greatest uneasiness is the circumstance of the robbery and the peculiar conditions under which it took place. There is every indication that the thief must have been concealed somewhere about the room at the time that I placed the money in the paper-box, for there would have been no reason for an ordinary burglar to suspect that five thousand dollars was concealed in that box. Yet there is no visible place of concealment that I can discover, and the belief that burglars are at liberty to make free with my house is you must see, very annoying." Jones had listened to this talk with his eyes closed and with every evidence of inattention, and as soon as the banker paused for breath, he interrupted him with: "I thank you very much for your exact account of the affair, and you may rest assured that I shall do all that is in my power to set your mind at rest about this very alarming matter. In case I desire any further information I shall phone you at once." "But, Mr. Jones:" expostulated the banker, "surely you will go with me to look over the house and examine everything relating to the case. I am depending entirely on you to clear this up." Jones waved his hand in a manner that expressed extreme annoyance. "You of course do not understand Mr. Pyles the methods which I employ in a matter like this, and being entirely ignorant on the subject, I must request that you leave the methods to be used, entirely to my discretion," said Jones with an air of finality. Thus silenced, the wealthy financier took his leave, and as soon as the door had closed behind him, Jones turned to me and said: "Quick, Botchson, let us proceed at once to reconnoitre this house without the knowledge of the worthy master. I am very much interested in this case and think that there should be no difficulty whatever in settling it at once, but if my theory is the correct one, we must examine the house minutely to see if the proof of my deductions may be carried out to-



night." I was too accustomed to watch the workings of my friend's remarkable brain to be at all surprised when he announced that he had reached a decision in the matter, so I merely contented myself with asking Jones to explain by what train of reasoning he had arrived at the conclusion that Pyles would visit us, and how he had divined that it would be at eleven o'clock. "Simplicity itself, my dear Botchson," replied Jones, "it was evident that the police were entirely at fault and not likely to arrive at any conclusion even after weeks of dawdling about. It was also evident to a thinking mind that Mr. Pyles was very much worried over this singular occurrence, and would spare neither time, trouble nor money to clear it up. What could then be more natural than that he should come to be for aid at the earliest possible moment. "But," I objected, "that is just what puzzles me; if he was coming why did he not come early in the morning?" "Mr dear Botchson," replied Jones, "has it escaped your memory that Mr. Pyles was obliged to give a report of this matter to the officers of the law, and that the City Courts open at nine-thirty, at which hour Mr. Pyles would have to be present at their meeting to make his deposition. This would take, we may say, about an hour, after which Mr. Pyles would immediately hasten to my room, and arrive there about eleven if all went well." "Wonderful!" I exclaimed, yet it was as simple as could be when I once saw into it.

By this time, we had reached the house of the banker, and found as we had supposed, that it was crowded with detectives, reporters and blue coats, together with that heterogeneous crowd of non-descripts that may always be found where the police are at work. Avoiding the entrance of the house, Jones and myself climbed the iron fence which surrounded the grounds and proceeded to get within such distance of the building as would permit of a close observation of its construction. I say we did this, and when I pronounce "we" I mean that Jones led the expedition and I merely followed in his wake, wondering what on earth could be his object in thus sneaking into a man's place when he had been promised the full liberty of the house and grounds to make whatever observations might be necessary. I was however too well acquainted with Jones peculiar methods to ask questions, or to make remarks, but merely followed him and waited to see what might be his next move in the unravel-

ing of the event that had so stirred up the whole of the city of New York.

My companion's first move was to conceal himself behind a hedge and make a very close scrutiny of the side of the house, at the same time making a pencil sketch of every window, balcony, dormer and even the position of the fire escape. I was in constant apprehension of our discovery behind that hedge and indeed it would have been in no way remarkable if we had been routed out, for it was broad daylight and people were passing all around us. However, the presence of Jones re-assured me, for he could easily make any necessary explanations to any officer who might take it into his head to run us in. Jones, having finished his sketch, turned to me and said, "Well Botchson, let us be off and get a few hours sleep to prepare us for our virgil tonight. But first we must get back over this fence and have a few moments' conversation with my client." Having safely reached the road, we proceeded to the entrance of the palatial residence of the millionaire banker, and a moment after Jones had sent in his card we were admitted to the presence of Mr. Pyles himself. "Well, Mr. Jones, what have you decided?" was his first question. "I have of course reached a decision," replied Jones, "but I am not at liberty to acquaint you with it until tomorrow morning. For the present, I have a request to make of you. If you will upon retiring tonight, place another packet of exactly the same appearance as the package of bills in that same box that the money was taken from, then I think that in the morning I can give you an explanation that will be entirely satisfactory. I must request however, that you ask no questions and tell no one of my request." Mr. Pyles, considerably mystified, acquiesced in this strange proposal, and Jones and myself returned to our rooms to dine and refresh ourselves with a short nap in the face of the strenuous night that Jones had predicted. During dinner, my companion made no mention of the case he had in hand, and in fact seemed to have dismissed the matter from his mind. After waiting some time to see if he would volunteer any information, and finding that he evidently had no intention of doing so, I inquired: "So you seem reasonably sure of capturing the unknown burglar tonight?" "There is no burglar Botchson," he replied, leaving me thoroughly mystified and impatient to hear the results of his deductions. In a few seconds, he con-



tinued, "it has been self-evident from the very first moment that I heard of this case, what the solution of the business was, though of course, these leather headed officers of disordered and injustice would, having no brains themselves, wear out everybody else's brains with their foolish conjectures, their clues, their muddle headed conclusions and their numerous arrests of innocent people. These are the common accompaniments of a police investigation and are just what the public are looking for. I supposed however, that you would have at once seen to the bottom of so palpable a thing and would not have needed the usual explanation in this very simple case. However, since your obtuse mind cannot grasp the situation, I shall outline my course of reasoning by which I reached a conclusion and shall then explain our plans for the night. To begin at the beginning, I was sure from the moment that I read the account of the robbery in the "Scrap Pile," that it was not an ordinary burglary; the fact that there were no evidences of the entrance or exit of a thief, precluded that assumption. It must therefore be someone in the house, and the question now was, who? That it might be a member of the family, I did not consider for an instant. Such treachery in families is only found where the head of the house is parsimonious or neglectful, and Cashin Pyles is well known as a most liberal man to his family and friends. Having dismissed this hypothesis, I next considered the question of the servants. Mr. Pyles, in his interview with me this morning, said nothing of a personal valet who might have been in the room with him when he undressed, and therefore I was safe in assuming that there was none. But this being the case it was very remarkable, not to say uncanny to think that on this particular night one of the servants should have taken the notion to search his master's room, and in the event of a search, that he should have ever thought of looking in so remarkable a place as a paper-box for money. The next view to take was that of Mr. Pyles himself, that is the question of a spy. But this position was also untenable, for according to my client's own assertion, there was no place that any one could secrete himself in the room, and as we may assume that there was a key in the keyhole, there is no ground left to stand on, and I was obliged to turn to the last person whom the police would suspect, Mr. Pyles himself. It is quite evident that without this process of elimina-

tion, I would never have reached such a very unusual conclusion, for it would at first sight seem the very height of improbability that a man would thus rob himself, and particularly so wealthy a man as my client. A poor man has been known to have resort to such subterfuges in order to excite the pity of the public and to profit by their charity; rich men have occasionally done the same thing, merely to obtain attention and press notice. Mr. Pyles however, is a well established banker of good standing and irreproachable honesty and hence the supposition that he had **intentionally** secreted the money, could no longer be considered. What then was the only remaining solution? Why, the matter was really very simple; Mr. Pyles might easily have arisen during the night and hidden the money while in a somnambulistic trance, so to speak. Sleep walking is so common an occurrence nowadays that no one can be sure that he is not subject to it, and having carefully eliminated all other hypotheses I was forced to come to the conclusion that this was the correct solution of the problem. My next step was as you know, to make a careful survey of the house of Mr. Pyles with the view of ascertaining if it were possible to mount to the window of its owner's bedroom without his knowledge, and there to observe his actions under conditions similar to those under which the lost money disappeared. I find that there is a balcony immediately below the window of Mr. Pyle's bedroom, and to-night we shall ascend the lightning rod which is fastened close to the balcony and ensconce ourselves in this coign of vantage from which we can readily observe anything which happens in the room of my client." "But," I objected, "why on earth all this round about way of doing such a comparatively simple thing? I am forced to admit that I should never, by any possibility ever have stumbled on to this solution, but now that you have reached a decision so palpably the correct one, why could you simply not go to Mr. Pyles and explain your conclusions and ask for permission to remain in his bedroom tonight. To spend several hours on an open balcony in the middle of December is not as amusing as an evening at the club." "My dear Botchson," said Jones with a wearied air, "really, I did give you credit for a small amount of perception. Can you not see that if I should give Mr. Pyles my opinion on this subject, that he would at once dismiss the fear of burglars from his mind,



and that there would then be no suggestion to the mind in its sub-conscious condition, to hide that money in some more secure place. The subject of thieves dismissed from his thoughts, and the alarming idea that he was a somnambulist substituted for it, might cause such a change in his mental condition as would prevent another somnambulist manifestation for weeks. As it is, our worthy banker is more in fear of burglars than ever, and upon his going to sleep tonight, the chances are good that he will behave in the same manner that I think he did last night. In this manner, I shall not only prove the truth of my deductions, but shall recover for my client the missing five thousand dollars. Having now enlightened you sufficiently on this subject for you to see the solution of any other problem that may arise, I shall now endeavor to snatch a few moments of sleep, and advise you to do the same." Having delivered himself of these few remarks, Jones retired to his room and was soon fast asleep, while I sat in the large arm chair, musing over the peculiar case that my friend's astute intellect had so easily solved by the most childish processes, when the whole police and detective force of the city were at a loss.

At seven o'clock, Jones rose and dispatching a sandwich, wrapped himself in his long greatcoat and prepared to leave for the scene of our labors. At eight, we descended the stairs and proceeded to the residence of Mr. Pyles on Fifth Avenue. Having arrived at the fence, Jones leaped over and signaled me to follow silently; remarking when we had advanced about thirty yards, "it is just possible, Botchson, that the minions of the law may be watching the house tonight, and though our discovery would not result in anything serious, still it would be annoying, and I do not wish the police to be mixed up in this at all." I merely nodded my head in assent and followed him. He proceeded toward the house and finally halted about ten feet from the window which we were to watch, and which was still brilliantly lighted. Crouching down in the shadow of the hedge which had sheltered us that morning, Jones signaled to me to do the same, and we remained thus for perhaps an hour, and the clocks had just struck ten, when the sound of a slamming door was heard, and the silhouette of a man was visible on the half raised window shade. The man could be seen moving about, and in a few minutes, the light was extinguished

and Mr. Pyles had evidently retired for the night. Rising carefully, Jones whispered to me to follow, and a moment later we were standing at the foot of the lightning rod and Jones was unwrapping a small bundle which I had seen him take from one of the bureau drawers just before we left the house. The bundle undone, there were exposed to view a number of small iron crosspieces through which a staple was passed in such a manner that it could be placed around the lightning rod and then clamped tightly to it by means of a thumbscrew. Placing several of these ingenious contrivances in the pocket of his overcoat, Jones attached one of them to the rod and placing his foot upon it, drew himself up a couple of feet and then attached another, forming in a few moments a complete ladder, by which I followed him to our post upon the balcony. From the spot where we stood we could see plainly into the room, and the regular, even snores that proceeded from the bed chamber, assured us that its occupant was quite asleep. Jones carefully tried the window, and found to his surprise that it was open; evidently Mr. Pyles was not aware of the fact that a lightning rod could be turned into a first class ladder. Raising the window slowly, Jones at length made an aperture sufficient to admit of our entrance, and we carefully stepped in and closed the window. Having safely effected an entrance, we seated ourselves and waited to see what would happen. The clocks struck eleven shortly after we entered, and then twelve and one were successively announced, while our subject slumbered peacefully on. It was nearly time for two to strike, when I glanced at the bed and thought I detected a slight movement on the part of the occupant. I looked at my watch; it was one-fifty. Half a minute had not elapsed, when with almost no preliminary warning, Mr. Pyles threw the cover from him and sat bolt upright in the bed. He remained thus for a few moments, as if listening, and then got up entirely and moved over to the center table, where without hesitation he reached for a small, lacquered writing-paper box, and raising the lid, took therefrom a little racket about the size of a good sized letter. He held the package up and looked at it attentively for a moment, as if considering what to do with it, and then, moving over across the room, he raised one corner of the thick carpet and deposited the parcel beneath it. While this had been going on,



Jones had quietly gotten up and located the position of the electric light switch, and at the instant that Mr. Pyles deposited the package of supposed money beneath the rug, Jones turned the switch and flooded the room with light, at the same time calling Mr. Pyles by name, as though it were the most natural thing in the world for him to be in another man's bedroom at two A. M. to arouse him from a condition of somnambulism. The sleep walker on hearing his name spoken started and turning round, came fully into the possession of his senses. He stared at Jones for a moment and

then, seeming to recognize him said in a half uncertain tone: "Well, Mr. Jones, what the devil does this mean, and how did you get into my room at this hour?" "It means," said Jones, as he stepped to the corner of the room, picked up the packet of real money which lay by that of the spurious, and handed it to its owner, "that you have recovered your five thousand plunks, and as for my method of getting into your room, I should advise you to read my little monograph on 'The Burglar and the Lightning Rod.'"

---

### THE TRUE INWARDNESS

#### OF A DORMITORY BED.

By A. P. Aldrich, Jr.

---

The subject of the "Armored Cruiser" type of bed used in the dormitory has never been fully investigated on account of that tendency of the human race to "let bad enough alone." However, I shall endeavor to give a geologic account of its formation together with all its shoals, shallows, mountain chains, volcanic regions and cliffs. The mechanical construction of one of these implements of torture is a very intricate and wonderful subject. The substructure of the bed consists of an iron frame work supported on legs. These legs are fitted with knuckle joints such that the slightest movement on the part of the occupant will cause them to collapse and precipitate him upon the springs, which are a contrivance made of barbed wire and corkscrews. These springs rest immediately upon a series of slats which are in turn supported by the framework of the bed.

These slats are made out of plank about three inches wide and three quarters of an inch thick, in the center of which there is a knot about two and a quarter inches in diameter. In case the legs fail to collapse upon being shaken, these knotty places in the slats will immediately give away and dump the heedless driver of the bed onto the spring. This spring is covered with a thin pad of hard felt with holes in it for the hooks and corkscrews to come

through. This type of bed is very unpopular, but not nearly so much so as the springless bed which I shall now describe.

The springless bed has similar ground work to the one just described but upon the slats is mounted an object which is called a mattress. This mattress which is covered with convict clothes is composed as follows: A brick wall is built up on the outskirts of the bed, and inside of this in alternate rows are placed, corn cobs, old shoes, old bottles and chestnut burs. The covering is then put on and is secured by means of ropes passing through the mattress and knotted on top.

After sleeping a night or two on this bed, a man's back looks like a cross between a washboard and a nutmeg grater.

The pillow as it is called; the thing upon which the head of the sufferer lies, is generally constructed out of an old dough tray or a foot tub which has out-lived its usefulness. This is filled up with shavings, cobs, soup bones, brick bats, ink bottles, old pipes, etc., and is covered over with a "sham." The whole pillow is sometimes a sham.

Beds not covered should have overcoats, suit cases, wrapping paper, etc., spread over them at time of occupancy for the sake of moderate discomfort.

# Alumni Department

---



C. W. Crumley, Editor

---

## ALUMNI NEWS.

---

J. H. Brezeale, D. V. M. '11, was married on November 29, to Miss Annie Reba Jones, of Killen, Alabama.

W. E. Bryan, '11, is first assistant at Blountsville.

George Blue, '10, is chemist for the S. C. & Co., Birmingham.

L. L. Glover, '11, is with the State Department of Agriculture.

"Daddy" Street, '09, is farming at Munford, Talladega County.

---

## WILLIAM DANA TAYLOR.

---

Near the latter part of last August Auburn lost one of her most noted alumni—William Dana Taylor, whose death occurred at his home in Chicago.

Mr. Taylor was a native of Alabama. He entered the Alabama Polytechnic Institute in 1876, and graduated in Civil Engineering in 1881, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Engineering. In 1885 the degree of Civil Engineer was conferred upon him.

Within seven years after his graduation, he rose to the position of Chief Engineer of the Alabama Mineral and Birmingham Mineral Railroads, which position he gave up in 1891 to accept that of Professor of Civil Engineering in the University of Louisiana. In 1898 he was appointed Chief Engineer of the St. Louis, Peoria and Northern Railroad.

It was in 1899 that Mr. Taylor accomplished one of his greatest engineering feats—that of reconstructing the bridge across the Missouri River at Glasgow, Missouri, for the Chicago and Alton Railroad, while Assistant Engineer for that company. His excellent work along these lines caused him to be chosen as Professor of Railway Engineering in the University of Wisconsin, one of the greatest

colleges in the country, whose students number nearly six thousand, over eight hundred of whom are in the department of engineering.

He resigned from the chair of engineering to resume active practice of his profession, returning to the Chicago and Alton Railway as Chief Engineer. He was also Chief Engineer for the Toledo, St. Louis and Western Railroad at the same time.

Mr. Taylor was always a loyal son of the south, although his work caused him to spend the greater part of his active life in the north. He never forgot the home of his birth, and requested that he be interred in the city of Montgomery. His wish was fulfilled, his remains being brought to Montgomery in his private car and consigned to the last resting place.

In his will he donated his entire engineering library to the Engineering Department of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute.

William Dana Taylor was a man with big ideas, and he accomplished big things in the thirty years that intervened between his graduation and his death. Few men have risen higher in the profession of Civil Engineering than he; and his success reflects credit, not only upon himself, but upon Auburn.

---

## ARE COLLEGE MEN IMMORAL?

---

One of the most sensational articles that has been published of late in regard to colleges and college life is that which appeared some weeks ago in **The Valve World**, written by R. S. Crane, of the well-known firm of Crane Company.

Mr. Crane's article was a scathing denunciation of the moral conditions existing in the larger colleges and universities of the country at the present time. It was based upon deductions made from certain statistics collected chiefly at Yale, Columbia and Princeton, which statistics are said to be rep-



representative of the life of the college students as a whole. It will be unnecessary to reproduce the exact figures here, but the substance of them is that the majority of the students at Yale are given over to the habit of drink; that the men of Princeton are also addicted, not only to drinking in a moderate amount, but to actual drunkenness and debauchery, even to the extent of having tables of the various college clubs in some of the barrooms of the town; and that the students of Columbia, on account of the proximity of the worst dives in New York, participate in the most demoralizing and degrading practices.

Such an article, coming as it does from the pen of one of the most prominent business men in the United States, has naturally called forth many expressions from various newspaper and magazine writers, college presidents and sociologists from over the entire country. Even President Taft himself has joined in with the others in the discussion.

There seems to be a great variety of conflicting opinions in regard to this important matter. President Taft and Dean Frederick Jones of Yale, in behalf of that institution, have resented the assertions made by Mr. Crane; and so has President Schurman of Cornell and others, speaking for the colleges of the nation at large.

Several college presidents have agreed with Mr. Crane, and "Unity," a religious journal of Chicago, published by Jenkins Lloyd Jones, has discussed the situation at some length.

And well might these men give attention to this matter, for it is undoubtedly of the greatest importance of any moral question today. Yet, although it has been discussed widely, not only by some of the leading educators and churchmen, but by several great sociologists, it seems that the life in the colleges alone has been considered.

It might well be said that the colleges of the country are representative of the people; hence the conditions there reflect only the conditions existing outside. So if the students at our colleges are de-

moralized, it might reasonably be expected that the young men of the whole country are bad. And this deduction is strengthened by the statement of the Professor of Social Science at Columbia, who, entirely apart from any reference to Mr. Crane's statements, says that "the entire population of the country is degenerating morally." And a merely casual investigation will show the truth of those words.

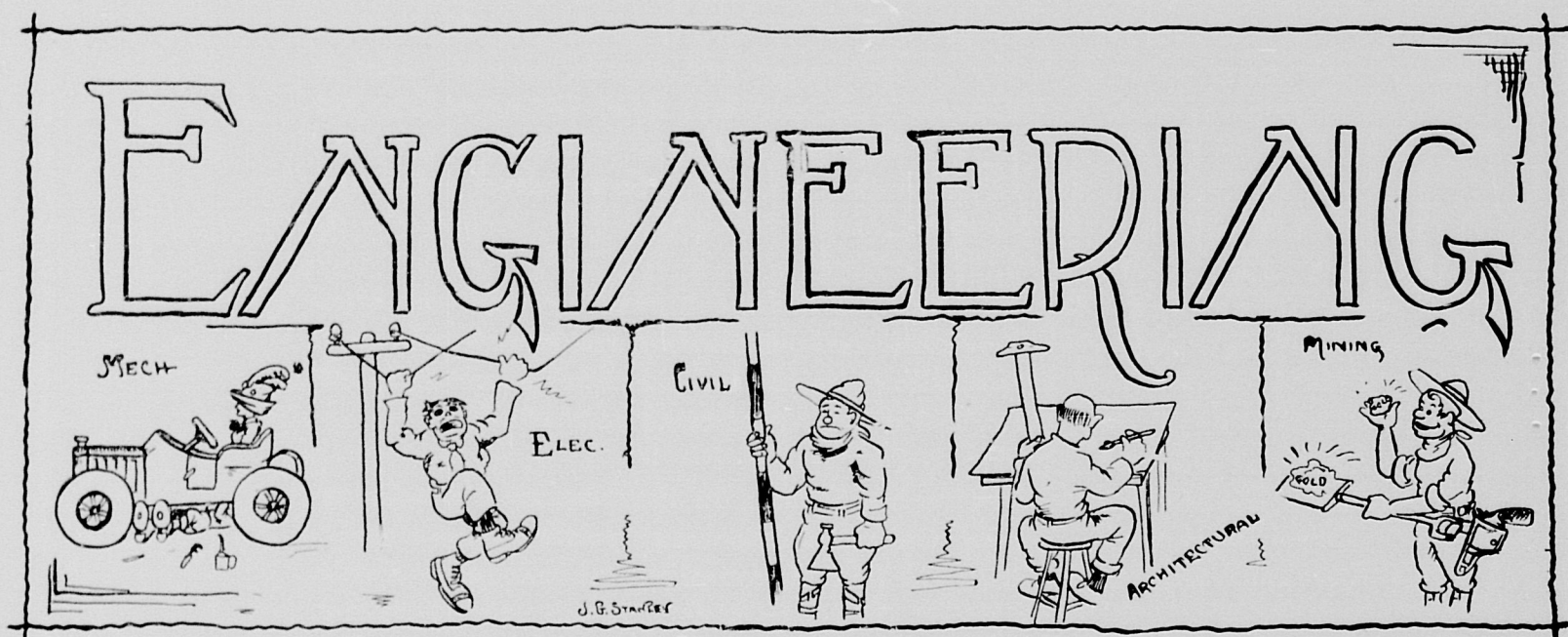
While Mr. Crane is a man of wide experience and business ability, as well as, doubtless, a close observer of conditions, his remarks are not so weighty as they might have been had he been a man of college training. So however much one may study college conditions from the outside, he cannot know them as completely as he could had he observed them from the inside. This reason has led us to discount somewhat the claims which the Chicago iron-maker has made in regard to American college life, especially since, as has been learned, he is somewhat prejudiced upon that subject.

However, the recent discussion of this question has caused us to wonder if there is not more truth in it all than we would like to admit, and if indeed there is not too much unwholesome immorality found within college halls. Whether Mr. Crane's picture has been too lurid or not, there is no doubt that the one who collected the statistics under his direction really did find a surprising amount of gambling, drinking, and other forms of vice where he went.

This is a time just now when the life of the nation is depending upon the men turned out by our higher educational institutions. College men control the most of the brains of the country. Industry and business alike are in their hands. And not only these, but also the morals are largely under their influence.

If, as we are told, the entire population is degenerating, who is to stay the tide of immorality that is sweeping over the land? What shall the attitude of college men be? Not for the bad, we hope!





W. Anderson, Editor.

How many of the engineering students know that we have such a thing as an Engineering Society in Auburn? Very few have ever heard of it. And yet, if they could be made to realize the practical benefit and pleasure they might get out of such a society, it would be one of the most popular in the college. For the past year or so the few enthusiasts who advocated it so strongly has been rather discouraged by the total lack of interest shown, but in the writer's opinion the members did not make racket enough to attract attention. At rare intervals a meeting of the society was announced, but nothing further was done to secure a decent attendance. This is rather late in the year to be talking about a revival of the society, but there are still a few months between now and commencement: time enough to carry through a good program.

The society is very often able to secure outside men who have made names for themselves, to give talks to the members along engineering lines, and it always pays any one to go up and hear what they have to say. They are men who have made good, who have been able to successfully apply the principles which they learned in their college days, and the practical knowledge gained from their lectures is worth several recitation hours. But we do not have to rely wholly on outsiders for speakers. There is more than one member of the faculty who can give you just as enjoyable an hour as any business man. All are men well posted on the recent achievements in engineering, and are willing to give

all their knowledge, first hand. A well conducted engineering society can furnish a small education in itself, and any wide-awake engineering student must appreciate the benefits to be gained from a membership in one.

This appeal is of necessity made primarily to the Senior class, but members of any class are eligible, and expected to join. So far, as was said, nothing has been done towards reviving the society, but with the backing of the engineering students it could be made the most successful of all the college organizations.

Marconi, while on a recent trip to Tripoli, is said to have discovered that wireless messages may be transmitted over the desert without the use of masts for supporting aerial antenna. The wire was simply laid on the sand parallel to the direction in which the message was to be sent. The receiving antenna is arranged in a similar manner, and it was found that messages could be transmitted as well as with the customary system.

A wireless instrument, with all the apparatus needed for sending and receiving messages, is to be installed at Auburn. Mr. Reese Hutchinson, a graduate of Auburn, is the donor, and will be down in February or March to personally supervise the installation of the outfit.



Electric locomotives are to be used in towing the ships through the Panama locks. No ship will be allowed to pass through under their own power. Each locomotive weighs more than 70,000 pounds, and the biggest liner will be easily handled.

During the past year the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company has installed three 3000 kw. rotary converters, replacing machines of smaller capacity. They are all of the latest design, and are capable for a few moments, of standing a 100 per cent over load without appreciable sparking or heating. The average efficiency of the three machines at full load is 96.8 per cent. The armature alone of one of these units has a weight of 34 tons, and twenty horses were needed to transport one of them from the dock to the plant.

The Mesta Machine Co., established a new record for heavy machinery building a few days ago by building a 32 by 48-inch Corliss engine in sixteen days. This company has a reputation for record breaking engine building, but this is the best they have ever done with a unit of such size.

The Federal government has recently made an appropriation of \$5,000,000 to deepen the Hudson River, so that ocean vessels may ascend as far as Albany or Troy, which is about 150 miles from the sea. This is only a first appropriation, for a 25-foot channel would cost, by conservative estimates, \$20,000,000.

The Allis-Chalmers Co. have recently completed an hydraulic turbine which is undoubtedly the most powerful ever built. Its maximum power is 25,500 H. P. and it is normally rated at 20,000 H. P.

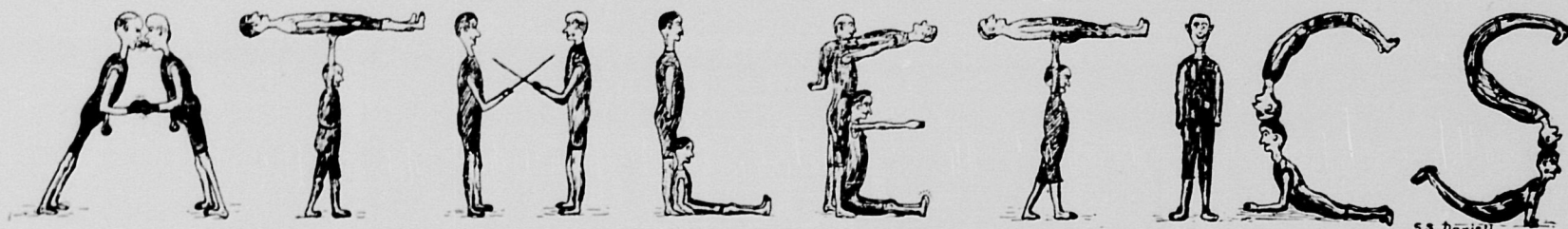
The recent opening of the Summit Tunnel connecting Chili and Argentine marked the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in South America. As far back as 1872 one was discussed, but the difficulties in the way were so great that the plan was abandoned for the time. The tunnel itself is 10,500 feet above sea level, or almost exactly two miles. At times the snow is 30 feet deep on the line. Its operation is still somewhat of an experiment, but so far there have been only slight interruptions in the traffic.

### GLEE CLUB NOTES.

The Glee Club this year is stronger and better than ever before, and has an excellent chance of gaining a statewide reputation. At the beginning of the year, when Prof. Thomas issued the call for candidates, nearly fifty men responded—all of last year's Club and quite a number of new men besides. Interest has not flagged or the number decreased, but all have been working faithfully under the able instructor, Prof. Nordin, and it is his opinion that Auburn has as good material for a first class Glee Club as there is at any Southern college. The Glee Club will leave some time in February for a week's trip through Southern and Eastern Alabama, where they will give concerts at the principal cities and schools in that part of the state.

The music lovers among Auburn's student body have had several musical treats this past fall in the shape of musical numbers on the Lyceum Course.

The Parland-Newhall Company we know and appreciate of old and they are always welcome visitors. The Aida Quartette of young ladies and the Pasmore Trio, also of young ladies, both gave most enjoyable concerts. But the biggest success was scored by the Music Makers' Quartette and their marimbaphone. These young men, in addition to having splendid voices, were entertainers of rare skill, and possessed that valuable gift of at once establishing a bond of sympathy between themselves and their audience. They judged their audience well, too, and their selections were calculated to please a college boy. Selections upon the marimbaphone and a dramatic recital by Mr. Huss, one of their members, served to diversify their program as well as add to it. We sincerely hope that, although this is their first visit to Auburn, it will not be their last.



E. A. Major, Editor.

## BASKET BALL.

Basket ball has started with a rush. The prospect for a championship college team this year are exceptionally good. Some of the new men made good at the start. Duncan, Murdock, Shields, Lacey and Rip Major are showing up well at guard. Clay, Beutell, and E. Major are trying for the center position. At forwards, Burke and Scarbrough are holding down their old positions, while Worrill, a Columbus boy is coming strong.

The schedule to date:

At home—Auburn vs. Columbus—Jan. 9.  
At home—Auburn vs. Mobile—Jan. 17.  
At home—Auburn vs. Mercer—Jan. 30.  
At home—Auburn vs. B'ham A. C.—Feb. 1.  
At home—Auburn vs. L. S. U.—Feb. 10.  
In Columbus—Auburn vs. Columbus—Jan. 12.  
In Macon—Auburn vs. Macon—Jan. 13.  
In Athens—Auburn vs. Athens Y. M. C. A.—Jan. 19.  
In Atlanta—Auburn vs. Atlanta A. C.—Jan. 20.  
In Bessemer—Auburn vs. Bessemer A. C.—Jan. 25.  
In Bham.—Auburn vs. Bham. A. C.—Jan. 26.

### Auburn vs. Columbus.

The first game of the season was played five days after returning from the holidays, against the championship team from Columbus. While the Columbus boys came out on top: 19 to 12, the game was a swift one, and interesting from start to finish.

Line-up:

Columbus.		Auburn.	
Newman		Burke, Worrill	
	Forward		
Gordy		Scarbrough	
	Forward		
Kilcrease		Major	
	Center		
Massey		Duncan, Shield, Major	
	Guard		

Dozier

Murdock, Lacey

Guard

Referee—Bridges.

## Class Football.

February 22 is close at hand. This is the date for the championship class game. These games should be "corkers." Every man, large or small, come out and make a try. They always develop good material for varsity, and Auburn has a strong schedule for the coming year, so come out and do your best.

Despite Auburn's crippled condition, some fine material was developed this year. Nearly every southern sporting editor picked Davis for fullback, several picked Lamb for tackle, several others chose Cogdell for tackle. Nathan P. Stauffer, University of Mississippi coach, in his All-Southern selection published in Collier's Weekly, gives a guard to Bonner, who, he declares, is one of the best he has ever seen. He also gives Cogdell high ranking.

Newell would have made 'em all hustle had he not unfortunately contracted fever. His run through the whole Tech team for a touchdown, demonstrated beyond a doubt brilliant ability as a broken field runner. Another season, good health and freedom from injuries and he should rank among the very foremost of Southern quarterbacks.

Wingo, Arnold, Moore, Robinson and Kearley are all men in whom this past season developed an ability that should make them valuable men on next year's team.

The following is an extract from a Texas paper: "The Auburn team that we meet tomorrow, are game players, and they never give up to defeat until the time keeper's whistle has blown for the last time. They are true Southern sportsmen and the eligibility of Auburn's players never need to be questioned."



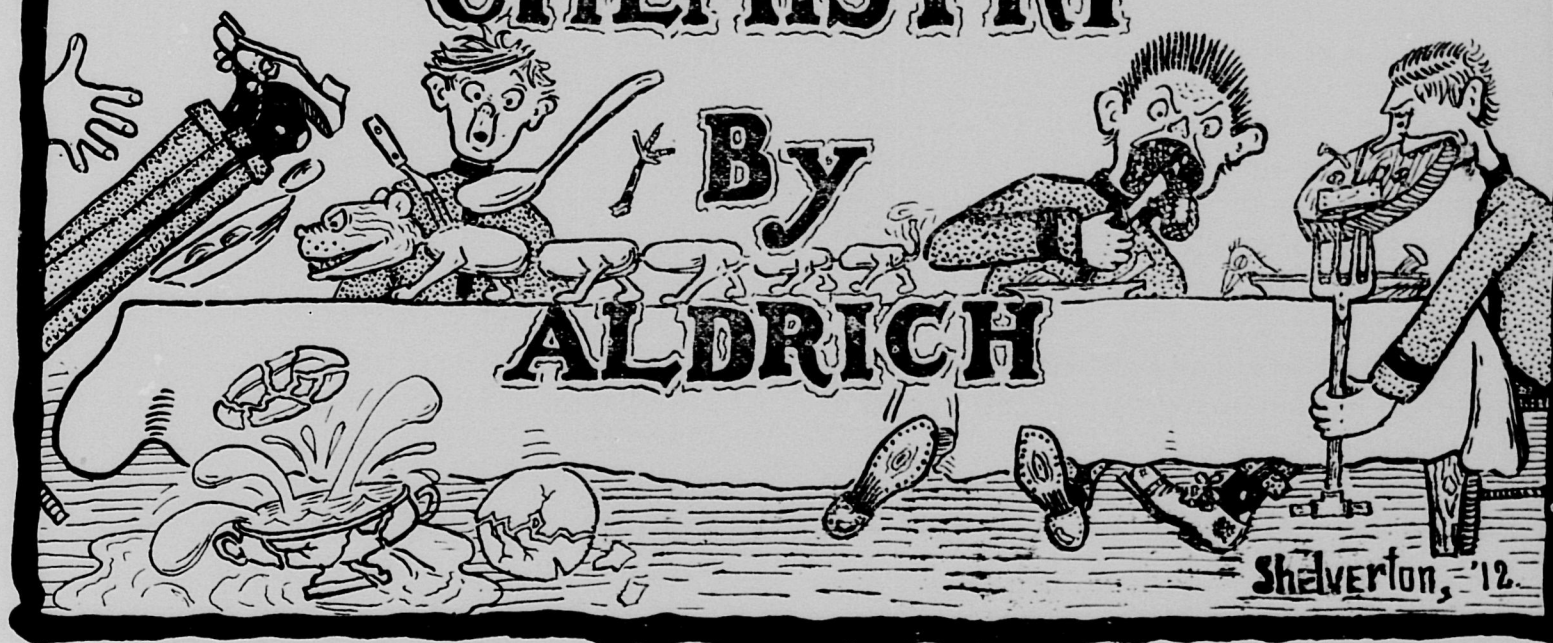
# BOARDING

# HOUSE

## CHEMISTRY

BY

ALDRICH



By A. P. Aldrich, Jr. '12.

### Chapter III—Cornbread and Butter.

Cornbread analyzed from a chemical standpoint. Its occurrence is chiefly in boarding houses, hotels and other places where food is supposed to reside. It also occurs more frequently in hog shops, etc.

Preparation—Cornbread is prepared from rancid meal, ancient lard, and water, this is then aggravated with salt, other debris and bric-a-brac may be added to taste. The whole is then placed in a stove and allowed to petrify.

Properties—An essay of this mineral shows that it is igneous, erroneous and stratified. It is a hard grainy substance ranging in color from a dark brown to a maroon brindle. Its tensile strength is not known, but is believed to be about ten thousand pounds per square inch. It makes a fine substitute for building stone, but may be used for food, in which case it takes the place of civil war, and as a promoter of intestine strife it has no equal.

General observations—These observations are based on the study of that type of cornbread that

inhabits Auburn. There may be other kinds of cornbread varying in color, hardness, and villainy of taste from the Auburn bread, but unless they do vary considerably the writer has no interest in them. This bread when served as food is disguised with a coating of prehistoric butter, which has come down to us through the ages with a long criminal record. Occasionally it is served with greens. These greens, when boiled with a portion of the ancestral hog require some abrasive material such as cornbread to segregate it into its component molecules in order that the forty horse-power digestion of the average college boy may cope with it successfully. The only successful rival of the cornbread in hardness and wretchedness of taste, is the beefsteak. This element will be taken up at length in another chapter.

The long whiskered butter, the chief ally of the cornbread deserves a few words of special mention. The butter, though venerable in appearance, is possessed of remarkable strength and muscular development.

In case you desire a piece of this villainous compound to tame your cornbread with: seize a knife in one hand and firmly grasp the long white beard of the butter with the other and carve off the desired piece. In case it offers resistance, as it frequently does, and you find that you are not man enough to retain your hold upon its beard, plunge the knife into its heart and seek safety in flight trusting that the great age and infirmity of the butter will prevent successful pursuit, for in flight is your only hope.

Occasionally, but very rarely middle aged butter is met with at the ranch. Butter in its prime is very athletic. It indulges freely in football, baseball, wrestling, boxing and numerous other athletic diversions.

The writer has frequently dissected forty-year-old butter and has found great layers and streaks of muscle embedded in its frame.

These streaks will turn the bullet of the average

army rifle and the stomach of the average man. In case of any unaccountable crime being committed in or near Auburn, go down to the dormitory armed with a warrant and a gatling gun and arrest the butter. Take it before the criminal court and ten to one it will plead guilty.

Such an action would be a boon to the students of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and would quiet things down considerably. No longer would we hear the agonized moan of the poor little Freshman who has just been hit in the eye with a cast iron biscuit flung by the dextrous hand of the mighty butter. No longer would the building rock and sway as with an earthquake, in the still hours of the night as the butter struggled in its cage. No longer would the proud football player seek refuge under the table and a good place to wallow in his own gore after a desperate conflict with the irrepressible butter. Things would quiet down a whole lot. But the state penitentiary would get an unruly inmate.

The following time card was handed in by a consciencious conditioned Freshman who left no hour unaccounted for:

Subject	No. hours week
English .....	3
History .....	3
Math. ....	3
Woodwork .....	6
Chapel (prayer lab.) .....	1
Dance .....	3
"Q" Squad .....	2
Grub analysis .....	5
Sleep research work .....	35
Postoffice lot .....	21
Lessons in cane pruning .....	6
Peanut gobbling .....	6
Hen roost relief work .....	6
Football lot .....	6
Meetings of Coal Stealers Union	5
Society for disinterring potatoes	4
Soft drink investigation work....	10
Opelika-Auburn inspection tours	20
Tip Top Weekly .....	5
Diamond Dick .....	6
Other magazine research work ..	12

And this is the program of a Junior special in "Ag."

Subject	No. hours week
Chemistry .....	4
Ag. ....	3
Sleep .....	84
Pipe lab. ....	14
Plug lab .....	14
Dominoe lab. ....	14
Card lab ...	14
Crap investigation work .....	18
Postoffice lab. ....	10
Bulletin board lab. ....	2
Grub inspection .....	6

Beneath the moon he told his love  
The color left her cheeks;  
But on the shoulder of his coat  
It showed up plain for weeks.

#### Confident.

"Then you accept me?"  
"Yes, darling."  
"But will your father give his consent?"  
"Why not? He always has."



In case you desire a piece of this villainous compound to tame your cornbread with: seize a knife in one hand and firmly grasp the long white beard of the butter with the other and carve off the desired piece. In case it offers resistance, as it frequently does, and you find that you are not man enough to retain your hold upon its beard, plunge the knife into its heart and seek safety in flight trusting that the great age and infirmity of the butter will prevent successful pursuit, for in flight is your only hope.

Occasionally, but very rarely middle aged butter is met with at the ranch. Butter in its prime is very athletic. It indulges freely in football, baseball, wrestling, boxing and numerous other athletic diversions.

The writer has frequently dissected forty-year-old butter and has found great layers and streaks of muscle embedded in its frame.

These streaks will turn the bullet of the average

army rifle and the stomach of the average man. In case of any unaccountable crime being committed in or near Auburn, go down to the dormitory armed with a warrant and a gatling gun and arrest the butter. Take it before the criminal court and ten to one it will plead guilty.

Such an action would be a boon to the students of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute and would quiet things down considerably. No longer would we hear the agonized moan of the poor little Freshman who has just been hit in the eye with a cast iron biscuit flung by the dextrous hand of the mighty butter. No longer would the building rock and sway as with an earthquake, in the still hours of the night as the butter struggled in its cage. No longer would the proud football player seek refuge under the table and a good place to wallow in his own gore after a desperate conflict with the irrepressible butter. Things would quiet down a whole lot. But the state penitentiary would get an unruly inmate.

The following time card was handed in by a consciencious conditioned Freshman who left no hour unaccounted for:

Subject	No. hours week
English .....	3
History .....	3
Math. ....	3
Woodwork .....	6
Chapel (prayer lab.) .....	1
Dance .....	3
"Q" Squad .....	2
Grub analysis .....	5
Sleep research work .....	35
Postoffice lot .....	21
Lessons in cane pruning .....	6
Peanut gobbling .....	6
Hen roost relief work .....	6
Football lot .....	6
Meetings of Coal Stealers Union .....	5
Society for disinterring potatoes .....	4
Soft drink investigation work....	10
Opelika-Auburn inspection tours .....	20
Tip Top Weekly .....	5
Diamond Dick .....	6
Other magazine research work ..	12

And this is the program of a Junior special in "Ag."

Subject	No. hours week
Chemistry .....	4
Ag. ....	3
Sleep .....	84
Pipe lab. ....	14
Plug lab. ....	14
Dominoc lab. ....	14
Card lab ...	14
Crap investigation work .....	18
Postoffice lab. ....	10
Bulletin board lab. ....	2
Grub inspection .....	6

Beneath the moon he told his love  
The color left her cheeks;  
But on the shoulder of his coat  
It showed up plain for weeks.

Confident.

"Then you accept me?"  
"Yes, darling."  
"But will your father give his consent?"  
"Why not? He always has."

# EXCHANGE



A. P. Aldrich, Jr., Editor.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, as deserving of especial mention.

"The Winthrop College Journal;" "Brenau Journal;" "The Wesleyan;" "The Concept;" "The B. H. S. Tatler;" "The McCallie Pennant;" "B. H. S. Mirror;" "The Marian," and "The Black and Gold."

"The Winthrop College Journal" and the "Brenau Journal" dispute for first place as the best gotten up, and most meritorious papers of the month. The literary work in both is excellent as is also that of "The Concept."

All three of these papers are published by schools for girls and seem to show that the girls go in more for literary production than do the boys of our colleges. But then most of these stories are love stories, and of course we have to "hand it to the girls" when that subject comes up. They have "inside information."

For all other papers received, the Editor wishes to express his thanks, and hopes that the future issues may be as interesting as the past.

## TYPE PHOUNDERS PHAULT.

This, the phirst issue oph the "Roccy Mountain Phree Press," has been attended with many dipphiculties. Owing to a mistaque which the type phounders made when they sent us our outphit, all the eph's and cay's were leph't out. However we do not intend to disappoint our phuture subscribers by not getting out an issue until we can get some oph these letters phrom New Yorque, so we are going to get along the best we can without them.

We are awphully sorry about this unphortunate error, but you enow mistaques will happen even in the best regulated phamilies.

We don't thinque that it will be more than a phew weeks bephore the phresh type will come. But if it taix longer than that we will just have to asque you to put up with it the best way you can.

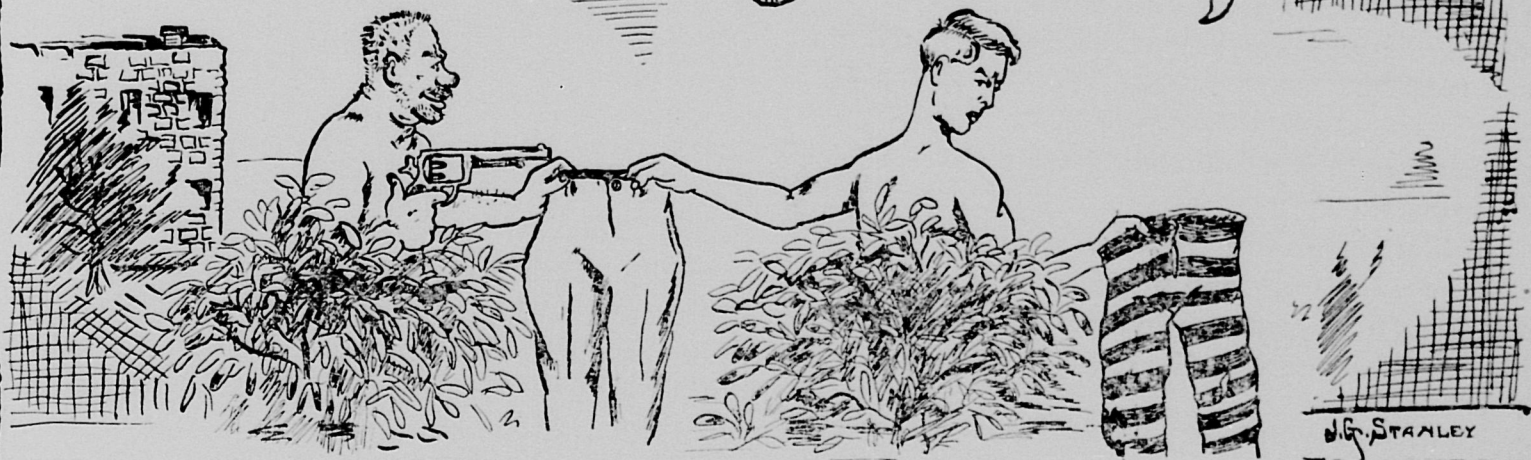
(Extract from a western paper).

Someone asked Dixon what breed of chickens he considered the best.

"Well," said Bob, "the white ones are the easiest to find, but the black ones are the easiest to hide after you get 'em."



# EXCHANGE



A. P. Aldrich, Jr., Editor.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges, as deserving of especial mention.

"The Winthrop College Journal;" "Brenau Journal;" "The Wesleyan;" "The Concept;" "The B. H. S. Tatler;" "The McCallie Pennant;" "B. H. S. Mirror;" "The Marian," and "The Black and Gold."

"The Winthrop College Journal" and the "Brenau Journal" dispute for first place as the best gotten up, and most meritorious papers of the month. The literary work in both is excellent as is also that of "The Concept."

All three of these papers are published by schools for girls and seem to show that the girls go in more for literary production than do the boys of our colleges. But then most of these stories are love stories, and of course we have to "hand it to the girls" when that subject comes up. They have "inside information."

For all other papers received, the Editor wishes to express his thanks, and hopes that the future issues may be as interesting as the past.

## TYPE PHOUNDERS PHAULT.

This, the phirst issue oph the "Roccy Mountain Phree Press," has been attended with many dipphiculties. Owing to a mistaque which the type phounders made when they sent us our outphit, all the eph's and cay's were lepht out. However we do not intend to disappoint our phuture subscribers by not getting out an issue until we can get some oph these letters phrom New Yorque, so we are going to get along the best we can without them.

We are awphully sorry about this unphortunate error, but you cnow mistaques will happen even in the best regulated phamilies.

We don't thinque that it wiil be more than a phew weeks bephore the phresh type will come. But if it taix longer than that we will just have to asque you to put up with it the best way you can.

(Extract from a western paper).

Someone asked Dixon what breed of chickens he considered the best.

"Well," said Bob, "the white ones are the easiest to find, but the black ones are the easiest to hide after you get 'em."

---

"LIES—ALL LIES."

---

Pray what would you say if your Girlie should tell  
you,

While you lovingly gazed in her clear eyes of blue;  
That no matter what, in the future, befell you,  
To you—you alone—she'd forever be true?  
(I'd say: "Somebody has evidently misstated the  
truth").

Or what would you say should your Pater advise  
you

To see him alone for a short interview?  
And take a big stick and begin to chastise you,  
Declaring, "This hurts me so much more than you!"  
(I'd say: "Holy smoke, Governor! What a whop-  
per")!

Suppose you should read, in the news from Great  
Britain,

How a maiden whose dad is as rich as a Turk;  
Had handed to dukes, by the dozen, the mitten,  
And tied up for life with a grocery clerk?  
(I'd comment thusly: "Sufferin' tomcats! What  
rot")!

Suppose when exam's cloud of trouble fast thickens,  
Your Prof. says, "It's going to be nothing but  
play;"

And then soak it to you as hard as the dickins  
And flunk you out flat. Now then, what would you  
say?

(I'd say: "I dislike to impeach the veracity of the  
honorable professor, but—")

Or if William J. should come out in the papers  
Declaring, henceforth, 'twill be home life for his;  
He's tired of cutting political capers,  
And quits 'em. Now what would you think about  
this?

(My thoughts would result in this observation:  
"Zounds, William! Back to the Añanias  
Club for yours")!

---

Mike, who has been listening to an election  
speaker—"Who is that man, Pat?"

Pat—"Sure an' I don't know, but he reccommends  
himself most highly."

---

A LA WALT MASON.

---



---

The Man Fate Couldn't Down.

---

Fate tried to nail him every way but he came  
smiling day by day, and when she threw him down,  
he rose, and at her calmly thumbed his nose. Till  
one day she got awful mad, and said, "He should  
be glum and sad, and bow beneath the weight of  
years and from his eyes drop briny tears. But bad  
luck seems to spur him on; he rises cheerful every  
morn, and walks with gay and care-free stride,  
though worry follow at his side. And while I've  
harmed him all I could, it hasn't done a bit of good;  
there's joy of life in every look, he's happy as a  
prince or dook. This sort of thing won't do at all;  
if I can't throw him, I must fall. I hate to treat  
such grit so mean, but I've just gotter peel his  
bean." Thereon she swung her war club high, and  
biffed him one right in the eye, and fell on him and  
broke his face and knocked his backbone out of  
place, and battered him with sundry spats and caved  
in all his starboard slats, and whirled his frag-  
ments round and round and strewed him o'er a mile  
of ground. They got him up with mop and broom  
and in a shoe-box, ample room they found to stow  
his hair and hide and what remains were left be-  
side, and still his dead lips wore that smile which  
he had worn there all the while. They built for him  
a granite shaft and thus his tomb they epitaph-  
ed: "Here lies a man of dauntless will, who never  
bowed beneath an ill, and though at last he's done  
to death, he smiled as long as he had breath. Fate  
had to play a scurvy trick to kill the man she  
couldn't lick, and though death, o'er him, casts its  
pall, he's still the victor, after all!"

---



---

Astute Mike.

---

Conductor on horse car—"Say why don't you put  
down that heavy bundle?"

Mike, who has just gotten on—"Sure, an' I'll  
carry it meself; it's all the pore horses can do to  
carry me, let alone the bundle."

---

Prof. Fullan—"Boatright, how would you find  
the moment of inertia of this body?"

Boatright—"Advertise for it Professor."



## AUBURN—TECH.

And Tech saith unto Auburn:

"Come over to our house, which is over against Atlanta and abide with us that our champions may match thine own champions in feats of skill, which is being called football."

And lo! Auburn accepted.

And it came to pass that it is decreed in the stars that Auburn shall be victor over Tech, for when the world was young, know ye, hat the Lord looking down upon the Earth saw Auburn fairest of the plain spoiling for a struggle and the Lord who is just created Tech and saith unto Auburn:

"Behold ye, here have I created Tech for thee to conquer," and lo! Auburn hath unto this day conquered, for that which is so decreed nothing can change.

And it came to pass that a day was set aside for this struggle.

And it came to pass that when the day was come, those who were wise gathered unto themselves their belongings and their chattels and, assembling themselves into a caravan, journeyed down unto Atlanta.

And when they came unto the city they were welcomed by the merchants, who came unto them, casting their goods at their feet and beseeching them to buy.

And behold! when the time was come the champions advance and lo! when the champions of Tech came upon the battlefield those who were of Auburn fell upon them and slew great numbers of them.

And it came to pass that the battle raged fiercely.

And when the re-inforcements of Tech were become exhausted, one disciple who belongeth to Tech and conducted a journal in the city, came near unto the Auburn leaders and spake unto them saying, "Lo! and ye have amassed unto yourselves 11 points which are called scores, for the Lord is with thee. Have mercy I pray thee and give unto us a score else our champions' mothers be grieved at their death."

And Auburn hath compasion upon the poor Tech champions and gave unto them six points saying:

"Taketh thou these that thy nurses be not grieved so, over thy death."

And Tech was thankful.

And it came to pass that when the sun was set beyond the western horizon Tech gathered unto herself her dead.

And in Tech there was much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

And it happened that when this was beholden by Auburn, they assembled their caravan and returneth with their property and chattels unto Auburn.

And lo! there was much joy.

Thus it came to pass in Georgia Tech which is over against Atlanta in nineteen hundred eleven, the year of our Lord.—J. B. Overstreet, '15.

## DIARY OF A SOPHOMORE RAT.

Sept. 17. They say Colonel is going to hold corporal examinations one month from today. I am going to study the tactics hard so I can be a captain in 1914.

Oct. 2. I haven't studied tactics yet but am going to start next week.

Oct. 4. Colonel changed the date of the examination to Nov. 7, because Uncle Sam has issued a new tactics and he wants us to study that one.

Oct. 27. I am going to set aside the Saturday before the seventh to study tactics.

Nov. 1. Col. has changed the date to the 9th now.

Nov. 5. Went to Atlanta yesterday so couldn't study.

Nov. 8. A fellow told me today that the examination didn't count anything. He said it depended upon your mid-term marks and your "boot."

Nov. 9. I am glad the examination doesn't count because I didn't know a thing about skirmishers and skirmishes. However, my other grades were pretty good.

Nov. 29. I wonder why I didn't get appointed?

—H. M. MARTIN, '14.

Witness, taking the oath—"The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and God help me."

## THE "RAT'S" RAVING.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered  
 weak and weary,  
 With perspiration of the frightened pouring out of  
 every pore;  
 While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there  
 came a tapping,  
 As if someone gently rapping, rapping at my cham-  
 ber door.  
 "Rat come out!" I heard them mutter, tapping at  
 my chamber door—  
 Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the hot  
 September  
 And the books I had been studying lay scattered on  
 the floor.  
 As I lay there on the matting, thinking of the com-  
 ing ratting,  
 Louder, quicker grew the rapping, rapping at my  
 chamber door.  
 "'Tis a fresh rat," cried the hazers, tapping on my  
 chamber door—  
 This it is and nothing more.

Presently my fear grew stronger; hesitating then  
 no longer,  
 "Seniors," said I, "mighty Seniors, your forgiveness  
 I implore;  
 "But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you  
 came rapping.  
 "And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my  
 chamber door,

"That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I  
 opened wide the door—  
 Yes I opened wide the door.

Scarcely looked I at those peering, while I stood  
 there wondering, fearing,  
 Without heeding persistent Seniors as no "rat"  
 dared do before.  
 For my eyes were getting dimmer, and the light  
 began to glimmer  
 As I looked upon the four I fainted, fainted near  
 my chamber door—  
 Merely this and nothing more.

Ah! how badly they did treat me, how unmerciful  
 they beat me!  
 How I moaned, and how I groaned as then I mut-  
 tered things galore!  
 For I cannot help agreeing that no other living  
 human being  
 Would endure such horrid treatment and some cuss  
 words not outpour—  
 This at least if nothing more.

Finally the Seniors left me, of my freshness they  
 bereft me,  
 Leaving me in distraction over bones and flesh full  
 sore.  
 Then I went to bed at eleven and I tossed and  
 rolled till seven.  
 Cussing, madly cussing, those four Seniors o'er  
 and o'er—  
 Only this and nothing more.  
 —H. M. MARTIN, '14.

---

**"Something Different" is what the world of  
 today is looking for.**

**The tailor on the ground floor of the  
 Bell Bldg. BILL LAWRENCE, Mgr.**

**"Gellersted's Does It"**



# **Fresh Flowers**

**For All Purposes**

**Crysanthemums and  
Orchids**

---

**ROSES, CARNATIONS, LILIES**

---

**Grown by Auburn "Grads"  
(The "Pats")**

---

**Crow is Our Agent**

**Rosemont Gardens**

**MONTGOMERY, ALA.**

**L. D. Phone 200**

# PRIZES!

GIVEN BY

**R. W. Burton**  
BOOKS and STATIONERY

to customers for best work  
in Drawing, Freshman and  
Sophomore; also course in  
Architecture



Only to Registered Competitors

**REGISTER TO-DAY!**

**Costs Nothing!**

# Fitzpatrick's Cafe

**MONTGOMERY**

The best in the city. Quick service and  
the things you like to eat. Come to see us  
when in the city.

---

## Fancy Ice Creams

FOR

### Receptions, Parties and Dances

---

See Our Agent, CROW

**Stevens Ice Cream Co.**  
Montgomery, Ala.

---

## LeBRON JEWELRY CO.

Diamonds . Watches . Silverware

We are prepared to meet the needs of those  
who demand high class service. In our ex-  
cellent stock can be found a gift for every  
occasion, that is choice and appropriate.

18 Dexter Avenue

MONTGOMERY,

ALABAMA